NEARLY HALF A CENTURY IN PUBLIC SERVICE.

Two Men Have Kept the Records of the City Since Early in the Fifties and Are Still Hale and Hearty.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"Just put me down as an old barnacle on the ship of justice. There isn't anything remarkable in my career—nothing worth recording, in fact."

"If I had my life to live over, I don't think you would find me sitting here after so many years. Public office isn't everything it might be. Still, a man who has been in it as long as I have wouldn't feel at home anywhere else. And I might have done worse. Who can tell?"

Thus the two oldest men, in point of service, in the employ of the city discuss their careers as public servants. The first speaker was Mr. John Lewis, now a clerk in the record department of the Probate Court. The second was Mr. Edmund P. Walsh, supervisor of the records of the Circuit Court. The former has been constantly in the service of the public for more than forty-six years, and the latter for more than forty-four years. During all of that time they have worked under the same roof, and each of them feels as if he has many years of usefulness ahead of him.

It would be hard to find two younger old men. Neither looks much over 50, and each accomplishes daily an amount of clerical work that few men in the prime of life could equal. Each occupies a place which no other man has been trained to fill, and both have for years been regarded as "fixtures" about the Courthouse.

Go to the Courthouse any day and ask the first man you meet when any event of importance in the past half-century occurred, and you will be referred at once to one or the other of them. If you are on the ground floor of the building, the answer will be: "Go ask Mr Lewis." If you happen to be upstairs, the reply will be: "Go ask Mr. Walsh." If neither of these gentlemen can answer your question, the chances are you will have a hard time finding any one who can.

Ask the Judge in any division of the Circuit Court when a certain case was up for consideration and what was done with it, and you will almost surely be referred to one or the other of these veteran scribes. Let two of the younger clerks become involved in a dispute over anything touching court matters, and Mr. Lewis or Mr. Walsh is called on to give the final answer. Let the people make a change in the personnel of the clerical family of the city and see how soon the incoming officer turns to these old men for information and counsel. Then go ask either of them to tell you something about himself and his life-work and you will be astounded at his modesty.

"I would prefer not to tak for publication," was Mr. Lewis's first remark when a representative of The Sunday Republic asked him to tell of his career. "I do not feel that there is anything in my work or myself that would interest the readers of The Republic." But when the newspaper man persisted, Mr. Lewis said affability triumphed over his diffidence.

"Forty-six years of continuous work does seem a pretty long time when one stops and thinks of the many things which have transpired in that time," he said. "Still, I do not feel that I have been here so long, after all. I have witnessed a great many changes in the city, and nearly all the men who started out in life with me are gone, but the time seems short and I seem to have accomplished little.

"How did I manage to keep my health while leading such a sedentary life? Really, I can't tell. I never was what you could call a robust man. I don't remember that I ever weighed as much as 140 pounds in my life. But I never got sick to amount to anything until about a year ago, when I had several severe spells and scared my people up pretty badly. I never paid any particular attention to the rules of health, but was always a temperate man and have been a good sleeper all of my life. It has been my habit for years to retire at a reasonable hour and to sleep not less than eight to nine hours. This seemed to keep me feeling right, and up to few months ago I thought I would surely round out the half-century in active service. I don't feel so sure of that now, but it is not impossible by any means, I think.

"I do not recall anything that I have done that is worth the telling. You see, I have been largely cut off from the affairs of the world, and have taken small part in the business of the city. While I have been a successful candidate for public office more than once, I have never taken an active or prominent part in politics, and I presume I am known to comparatively few men in the city.

"Just put me down as an old barnacle on the ship of Justice. There isn't anything remarkable in my career; nothing, in fact, worth recording."

"If you put my picture in the paper somebody will be sure to think I'm after some office or other," was Mr. Walsh's way of trying to evade telling of himself. "I don't want any of my friends to think I'm seeking notoriety," he continued. "This work will keep me busy as long as I am able to attend to it, I guess, and after that I will not be around looking for anything else.

"Yes, I've been here since the fall of '55, although I never intended to. My folks thought I was too delicate to be a druggist, and here I have been doing the most confining kind of office work ever since.

In the forty-four years I have not lost four months, all told, from my desk. That's not so bad for a delicate man, is it?

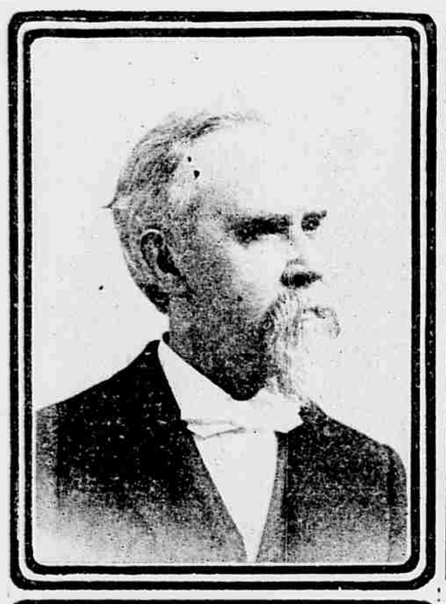
"This building was not finished for several years after I came here, and there have been more changes in one way or another than I can tell you of. In the first place, the six original courts were merged into three. When I began here as a deputy clerk, we had the Circuit Court, the Court of Common Pleas, the Land Court, the Law Commissioner's Court, the Probate Court and the County Court. In 1890 three of them were done away with, and we had the Circuit, Probate and County Courts left. In 1876 the city and county were divided, and we had only two courts left in this building.

There were three divisions of the Circuit Court in those days, and now there are nine. The nine are now kept busier that the three were originally, and that will give you an idea of how the city has grown in my day.

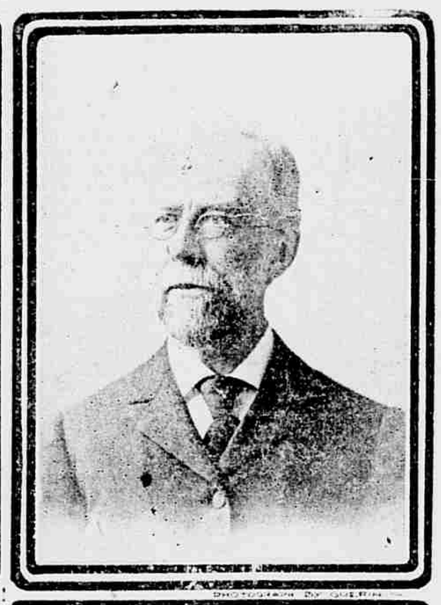
"As for myself, I can think of nothing in which your readers would be interested. I have simply been a part of the legal machine, and not an important part at that. I have outlasted almost all of the men who started out in life with me, and that's about all you can say.

"If my work has been of value to the public, I have simply earned the salary that has been paid me. I hope to continue to earn it as long as I am able to work; and then they will have to find some other man to take up the records where I leave off, and continue them as far as he is permitted to go. Some of us last longer than others, but we are all parts of the great machine after all, and it will not do for any of us to think we are indispensable.

"If I had my life to live over, I don't think you would find me sitting here after so many years. Public office isn't everything it might be; still a man who has been in it as long as I have wouldn't feel at home anywhere else, and I might have done worse. Who can tell?"



EDMUND P. WALSH.



JOHN LEWIS.

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Edmund P. Walsh was born and brought up in St. Louis, and was educated for the drug business. His health was poor in early manhood, and it was thought best for him not to pursue the profession for which he had prepared, on account of the indoor work it involved. He took a position in the office of the old Land Court on November 4, 1856. The position was looked upon as temporary, but he remained a deputy in the same office until the courts were consolidated in 1866, when he was appointed clerk of the Circuit Court No. 3.

He was four times re-elected, finally retiring in 1886. Then he was appointed supervisor of the records of all the seven branches of the Circuit Court, and has occupied that position continuously since.

Mr. Walsh was Jury Commissioner for the city and county from 1866 to 1876. He also served as secretary of the St. Louis College of Pharmacy for sixteen years, and as president of that institution for one term.

John Lewis came to St. Louis with his father's family in 1837. On January 1, 1854, he was appointed Deputy Clerk of the St. Louis Court of Common Pleas, and served continuously in that capacity until January 1, 1866, when that court was made a division of the Circuit Court. He continued as Deputy Circuit Clerk until 1868, when, on the death of his superior, he was appointed clerk, to fill out the unexpired term.

In 1871 he was elected Circuit Clerk, and served four years in that office, but failed of re-election. From 1875 to 1880 he acted as Deputy Collector of the Revenue, and in the fall of 1880 was re-elected Circuit Clerk.

In 1885 he was appointed Clerk of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, and served in that capacity for four terms of three years each. Since 1897 he has been a deputy clerk in the Probate Court. He is actively at work now, and on account of his vast store of information is considered an invaluable man in his position.

WHAT MANNER OF WOMAN IS MRS. DEWEY.

She Is Ambitious, but Avoids Notoriety and Has Asked That No Receptions Be Given in Her Honor While She Is in St. Louis.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The ladies of St. Louis will see little of Mrs. George Dewey during the brief visit which she will make here the first week in May. They will not see her at all, in fact, except in the company of the Admiral. No receptions will be given in her honor, and she will not be "in" to callers. She will stop with her husband at the Planters.

This is not because St. Louis does not wish to become acquainted with "the second lady of the land," but because she has expressly requested that no functions be arranged in her honor. She prefers to come simply as the wife of the nation's naval hero; and in accepting the city's invitation her husband stipulated that her wishes be observed.

However disappointing this may have been to the social leaders of the city, there was nothing for the Reception Committee to do but accede to the stipulations, and the programme of entertainment contains no feature which may not be participated in by both the Admiral and his wife. The ladies will be denied the pleasure of having the Admiral's wife all to themselves for even a small fraction of a day; and the men will not be able to smuggle the Admiral off to some club and make merry with him. Everything will be strictly formal. Distressingly so to many.

Mrs. Dewey is perhaps the most widely discussed and the least known woman in America to-day. Although columns have been printed about her, practically nothing has borne evidence of authenticity, and, while all sorts of motives have been ascribed to her, she has succeeded in keeping her plans as much in the background as her personality.

From a somewhat inconspicuous place in the social scheme of the National Capital, she suddenly became, by reason of her marriage, the most important personage in the land, outside of the White House. The right of precedence over the old-time leaders in diplomatic society was accorded her without question, but not without a murmur of protest; and her friends enthusiastically declared that she rose to the occasion with the utmost composure and dignity.

That she has great social ambition no one has attempted to deny. But some have gone so far as to say that social ambition is not a worthy one, and this a great many will deny. It has been stated that she has great influence over the actions of her husband, as if there were something remarkable in that. This, that and the other has been said of her, but up to the present time she has refrained from saying anything through the press, or to any one authorized to speak for her.

In their anxiety to print something about her, the Eastern interviewers have used much hearsay, and not a little imagination, with the result that the Mrs. George Dewey of popular fame is a most complex and tantalizing individual. What she looks like, what she thinks about, how she dresses, what her tastes are, and a lot of other things, which the public wants to know, she has succeeded in concealing to a degree.

From her intimate friends it has been learned that her marked characteristics are modesty and ambition; and these friends declare that the opposing elements are so nicely adjusted as to make her altogether charming. Her fondness for and pride in her husband are unquestioned, and her fondness for dress and jewels were well defined long before she became Mrs. Dewey. It is said that she evidenced great social ambition from childhood, and, being amply provided with this world's goods, nothing has been permitted to stand in the way of her ambition. She was never a domestic woman, in the general acceptance of that term, but her home was always made charming to its inmates as well as to their friends. She has always prided herself on the appointments of her home, and looked after details closely. As Mrs. Hazen, she was noted as one of the most delightful entertainers in Washington. She was always ultra-fashionable.

Having resided abroad for a number of years, she is an accomplished linguist, and her taste in music is said to be irreproachable. She also likes books, they say, and reads everything from Scott to Kipling, and from Byron to Field, with appreciation. Much has been written about her family of pets, which includes a number of valuable dogs and cats, as well as the famous parrot from the Olympia, which screams "Hello, George!" every time the Admiral passes his cage.

Next to society, dress and jewels, Mrs. Dewey is said to be fond of travel, and there are few cities in the Continent that she does not know almost as well as she does Washington, New York and Boston. While she has always called America her home, she has resided for long periods abroad, and has been received at most of the European courts, time and time again.

If she has a special fad her friends do not know it. She has never "gone in" for golf, or tennis, or anything of the sort; neither has she given full rein to the artistic side of her nature. Her pet abhorrence is newspaper notoriety, and she avoids the reporter, male or female, as she would the plague. In summing up her characteristics, an Eastern writer has said:

"Take the residuum of ambition, tact, diplomacy, good taste, affection and many talents, and we have a resourceful woman of the world whose highest ambition is to secure for her husband and herself a place in the social scheme which cannot be gainsaid. She wants to stand upon that pinnacle which so few really reach, and if it can be done with modesty and perseverance she will probably live to see the wish gratified."

THEY DIFFER OVER THERE, TOO.

From the London Daily News.

"'E COMES up to me," said the regular, "an' 'e sez to me, sez 'e, 'Look 'ere, me man, where can I find your Sergeant-Major?' I looks at 'im, an' I sez: 'Wot are you?' sez I. 'E sez: 'I'm a City Imp'rial Volunteer,' sez 'e. 'O?' sez I. 'Yus,' sez 'e. 'Yus,' sez I, 'you're a volunteer an' I'm a reg'lar,' I sez, 'an' you ain't goin' to lord it over me,' I sez, 'with yer "me man,"' I sez, 'don't you forget it. I didn't get no freedom of the city,' I sez, 'the only thing the Lord Mayor ever giv' me,' I sez, 'was fourteen days for fur'ous drivin',' I sez. 'I wasn't entertained at tea,' I sez, 'by all the dooks and earls of London,' I sez. 'I wasn't 'ugged an' kissed as I walked along the street,' I sez, 'but I'm a bloomin' privit an' so are you, me lad.' 'Yus,' sez 'e, 'an' dam' proud uv it,' sez 'e. 'So am I,' sez I. 'Well, come an' 'ave a drink,' sez 'e. 'Right you are,' sez I, 'now you're talkin'!'"

JOHN FLEMING FLOYD, EIGHT MONTHS OLD.

He is the blue-ribbon baby boy of Texarkana, Ark.-Tex., winning first prize in the infantile contest in a group of 200 babies, at the Elks' Street Fair and Trades' Carnival, held at that place the week just closing. Baby Floyd is the first born of President J. F. Floyd, Jr., of the Floyd Supply and Grain Company, Texarkana, Ark.

HOW SOCIETY BATHES IN CARACAS.

Bathing in Caracas is generally done in the open air—that is, the bathroom in the house is almost an unknown luxury. In the first place, a bathroom indoors would be too close for comfort, and in the second place the plumber's art is not practiced to any extent.

In every court—and almost all the houses in the Venezuelan capital are provided with them—there is the inevitable fountain, whence is derived the water supply of the house. Attached to the fountain is a large and deep bowl, generally about four feet deep and as many broad. Into this the water runs continuously, and, by stopping up the escape in the bottom, you may quickly provide a full bowl of clean, sparkling, but not cold water. Into this you plunge, with no other covering than the sky, and enjoy yourself to the full, caring nothing for the world or the neighbor who is watching you from the roof of the adjoining house, where he is smoking away the mosquitoes and other insects of the tropics.

THE DAY O' THE WEEK TOLD BY SIZE OF CAR FARE

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Conductor No. 999 was grumbling. He jerked the door back with a grunt and shambled out upon the rear platform. One hand held a $2 bill. The other was thrust deep into a cavernous coat pocket in a vain search for nickels. It brought out quarters and halves and dollars, but not one nickel.

"Say, partner, can you give me change for a quarter?" he said to The Lean Man Who Smokes.

The Lean Man couldn't. But a newsboy who "hopped the car" could.

No. 999 grumbled for another block, and then began:

"I don't believe in signs as a rule, but there is one thing certain: The man on the back platform can tell the day of the week without ever asking anybody or looking at the date line of a newspaper."

The Lean Man smoked on in silence.

"It's a fact," continued No. 999. "Did you ever try it? Perhaps not. But every conductor in St. Louis knows what I say is so.

"Saturday is pay day for two-thirds of the people who ride on street cars, and from 6 o'clock on we get nothing but big money—ones, twos, fives—and never anything smaller than 50 cents. Everybody has money, and everybody flashes the biggest piece he has. It takes big pocketsful of small change to get through the day. Next morning it is nearly as bad. There is still nothing but big money. Everybody who gets on the car digs up a bill. By Sunday afternoon it eases off a little. Sunday evening the bills are not so frequent, and now and then we get a nickel.

"Monday morning is even better than Sunday night. We get a good many dimes, and quite a few nickels. But, Lord! Look out for Monday evening! It is as bad as Saturday, for the other third is paid then. There is nothing but big money, and any conductor on the line would give an extra ride to the man who would offer a plain nickel. It is change for a dollar, change for $2, change for 50 cents, and every now and then change for a $5 bill. Here's a five I got five minutes ago, and you can have my brass buttons if I've got anything smaller than a dollar on this trip.

"Tuesday morning things are a little better. But there is a large number of ones and twos still floating around, and the conductor has a pretty heavy job keeping a stock of shade on hand. In the afternoon it is easier, for most of the passengers have car fare left from their shopping trips, but in the evening it is a little worse. Wednesday morning there are some dollars, a good many halves and a great many quarters. It is about the same all day.

"Thursday there are fewer dollars—and they have a borrowed look—still quite a number of halves, and still a large number of quarters. But there is a big increase in the nickels and dimes. Friday the dollar is a rarity, the half dollar is scarce, the quarter is not too frequent for convenience, and there is a flood of nickels and dimes, and even some pennies. Friday night there is nothing but little money.

"But it is fun to run a car Saturday morning. You don't have to make change at all. It seems like everybody has just car fare, and for only one way at that. It is all nickels and pennies. A man can start out from the shed without a cent and be sure that he will not be bothered to make change. There is no big money Saturday morning!

"But then comes Saturday evening again, and the same old thing is gone over."

The car stopped. No. 999 fought off half a dozen large and hurried persons who wanted to get on, and helped a pale, weak woman with a lusty infant in her arms to alight. Then he gave the bell cord two jerks and followed his newly acquired passengers inside. The first one handed him a dollar bill. The second one handed him a silver dollar. The third one asked him if he could change a five, which he could do as easily as he could change a one. The fourth one said he didn't have a thing smaller than a dollar. The fifth tendered a ten dollar bill, and then, when No. 999 remonstrated, fished up four copper cents. No. 999 took the coppers. The next man handed out a 50-cent piece.

When 999 got back to the rear platform, he said:

"Was you lookin'? It's 7:14 Monday evenin'."

YOUNG LADIES WHO PROMISE WELL IN MUSIC.

MISS RUBY BUTLER

MISS SEARLES.

MISS MARY R NASH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Miss Marie C. Searles is a beautiful young Southern girl. Her teacher pronounces her endowed with a fine dramatic soprano voice. Miss Searles is the soprano of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, and is a great favorite in exclusive musical circles.

Miss Mary Rachel Nash is a St. Louisan of Mexican and French descent. Her musical talent was discovered at a very early age, and when she was 6 years old she began her pianoforte studies. She has studied pianoforte playing, harmony, counterpoint and fugue, and composition. She recently received a seventh grade diploma from the Forest Park University, giving a recital of some of the most celebrated compositions to prove her ability. This recital was repeated before the Morning Etude Club, and won for her great applause. Miss Nash's playing is distinguished for great breadth and brilliancy. Her left-hand work is full of power, and her phrasing and pedaling extraordinarily clever. In her work in composition she has shown great talent and has written such advanced works as sonatas for piano, piano and violin, and a trio for piano, violin and violoncello. Miss Ruby Butler is another of the young pianistes of whom it is predicted that they will make their mark.

Miss Butler composes well. At the graduating exercises in June of the Beethoven Conservatory she will play a concerto of her own composition, with piano and orchestra accompaniment. Few young pianistes have accomplished so much in the few brief years of study which Miss Butler has to her credit.